

LIVELY SALLIES

AFTER

PUNCH.



The first is Mistress Sally Lunn,
Who made a sort of Cake or Bun,
To which she gave her name.

The second is a lively Sally,
Who as the "Sally" in our Alley,
Has long been known to fame;

The third and last on which you look,
Is Sally Mander, our Cook,
With face all in a flame;
She roasts the joint, and bils the pot,
With fire, like her temper, hot,
All cooks are much the same.

This was got up for a BAZAAR in aid of a RAGGED SCHOOL. and having since served at other BAZAARS
pies, still left on hand after doing their best for Human-beings, may surely, without any of the usual selfish
ing of exclusive Philanthropists, be allowed to constitute "*the crumbs which fall from our table.*" and be
lover to the ANNUAL BAZAARS of the TEMPORARY HOME FOR LOST AND STARVING DOGS,
HOLLOWAY, now at ~~2~~ **2** ~~WILLIAM WATSON~~ **WATSON** ~~ROAD~~ **ROAD**, BATTERSEA. Adjoining the York
London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, on the Branch line between Ludgate Hill and Victoria Stations.
"Lost Canine Property" often of great value independently of estimation from attachment, has
and is more required now that, owing to reduction of tax, double the number of dogs are kept.
ment by this time, probably, three hundred thousand pounds Per Annum, the amount in 1871.
80,756 for 1,123,023 dogs! As the Dog is not the wild produce of the mountain, forest wood, or
is indeed, with all its interesting and handsome varieties. [some of which are of great rarity,] the
al cultivation by man, for whose gratification, in way of fondness, admiration, usefulness, guard-
companionship, it is bred and reared, it has as indisputably rightful a claim upon him, author of its
support by food and shelter, as any of man's cattle, whether reared as sheep, oxen, &c. for the more
es of food and profit, or, as the beast of burden to take from off his own shoulders part of the original
r. If it is a creature the most companionable, both to parents, and the youngest children, having
no memorial, the chief favourite and loving friend of man; not merely his faithful follower all over the
gh weal and woe, o'er peaceful glade or battle field, but through fire and water, from which destructive
s rescued many a human being. In addition, it is a wonderful key to character! Observe how any one
and you read his heart so distinctly as to guess his character! The cruel, the ignorant, the silly, the
me-the bad hearted are the only bad treaters, haters, and fearers of the Dog! What is the character,
who, in blood-thirsty spirit, would shoot, or otherwise slaughter all lost dogs, however valuable, on the
able principle of the blockhead, who would have all lost and stolen property destroyed by the Police
? Is it not, the stupidly inobservant, dull of intellect and the despicably heartless, who with careless
all suffering but their own advocate the abandoning our little helpless dependant, when lost and in its
a cruelly lingering death by hunger, thirst, cold, and persecution by street blackguards, perhaps, to
section by medical students? N.B. For conviction in these cases, rewards are offered by the Society.



AN APPEAL FOR THE HARD WORKED POOR.

Being a few sharp pointed remarks on the acute sufferings of Needlewomen, from too much needlework and too little pin-money.

DEAR PUBLIC,

Poor Needlewomen, many of whom have been reduced to straitened circumstances by the crooked ways of others, though undeniably not on the brightest side of this world, indeed, too often so far removed from it as to be living in the deepest shade of obscurity, having the whole world, with its cold stony heart lying between themselves and the warm sunshine of prosperity, are nevertheless not all of them "benighted individuals," and though they may be too often looked down upon with a contemptuous frigid scowl by that sycophant double-faced world which is always ready to look up to the great, the rich, and the prosperous, with sunny but deceitful smiles, they have many good qualities and virtues, which require only a little more of that same genial sunshine of prosperity to enable them to sprout, vegetate and fructify! Indiscriminately to condemn the poor, or treat them with indifference or neglect is a mistake which can only be committed by those, who pertinaciously keep themselves so far remote from them as to be truly their



antipodes; but those kindly-natured commiserators who feel in their hearts a sort of acupunctuation for the misery of others, and who, thrusting aside the world with its prejudices, let in upon these poor people a little of the bright sunshine of happiness to gladden the frozen regions of their hearts, are frequently astonished to find that the light thus let in upon them, brings out to view many good qualities which were before hid by that obscurity into which poverty had thrown them, and from which they are too helpless to extricate themselves. They who have only seen the sunny side of this world, and have always lived in the freedom of independence, can guess but little of the life of drudgery, almost slavery, endured by the class of sempstresses on whose distress so much stress has here been laid, and though the Needlewomen's Institution is intended to ameliorate their condition, by rendering them less dependent upon those hard task-masters of the shops, whose exactions of labour from these mournful daughters of Eve may be said to extend "from eve till morn, from morn till dewy eve," there is still much reason for commiserating those whose whole thread of existence, until the scissors of fate shall snip it, is doomed to be perpetually threaded through a needle's eye, through which small eye is visible the whole prospect of their success in life, and who must stitch, stitch, stitch, defiant of headache or stitch in the side, hopelessly leading a life which, as to comfort, may not inaptly be compared to the sensations of a limb recovering from that numbness defined as "being asleep," waking up every morning to a daily life of "pins and needles,"—and if this is not something to the point, pray what is?

Your humble Servant,

THE TREASURER TO THE REMACUTANGERE SOCIETY



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THE AUTHOR,

*From an unsuccessful Photograph
(Faithfully copied by a Chinese Artist.)*

- 1 While you have your likeness taken,
Be sure to keep your head quite still;
Should it be but slightly shaken,
You'll be ill-looking and look ill.
- 2 From such a fate no care could save me,
My head I turned from north to south;
Though but an inch—yet still it gave me
Three eyes, two noses, and wide mouth.
- 3 Let not my features me disparage, .
The mind may still be none the worse;
My Muse, who hath a gentle carriage,
Thus depicts 'it in 'her verse.
- 4 Beneath a coarse and rough exterior,
There may be found a gentle heart,
With feelings mild, and far superior
To those which outward signs impart.
- 5 For should those feelings be too tender,
Too soft, too delicate, to last,
A rough top-coat's the best defender,
From this rude world's cold nipping blast.

P R E F A C E,

OR
Apology of the Author for his Muddle-headedness.



W. P. KIRK.

1 On a cold Summer's morning in Spring,
When the sun was just going to set,
The owls all beginning to sing,
Put the crows in a terrible pet.

2 Their patter and chatter and clatter,
So bewildered and bothered my head
That, wondering what was the matter,
I hastily jumped out of bed.

3 Then I opened my window and looked out afar,
The green fields appeared green to my view,
The clouds were as cloudy, as clouds mostly are,
And all the blue sky was sky-blue!

4 The sky lark, melodiously singing his song,
Flew up very high in the sky;
So fast, and so nimbly, it did not take long
Before he had mounted sky-high!

5 The fish-pond looked wet, from the rain overnight
And the fish were all leaping about;—
Oh! thinks I, if I had but a line p'rhaps I might
Have the luck just to pull a trout out.

6 But stretching too far from the window on high,
My head being heavy with sleep,
O'er balanced my heels, and I fell, with a cry,
Plump into the pond pretty deep!



7 And when I got out, Oh! how changed was my face!
Which before I fell in was so ruddy;
And my head stuck so long in that thick muddy place,
That my wits have been ever since muddy!



The Author's Son and "Heir", (Query Hair?)

"*Encomptis Capillis*,"—

with unkempt capillary attractions.

Oh, he is a sweet "creetur!"
No child could be sweeter,
If he would but just keep himself quiet,
But he's often in pets,
And in mischief he gets,
Keeping up a continual riot.

First, down he falls plump,
With a flump and a bump,
And treats the whole house to a roar;
Then his arms, flapp'd like wings,
Sweep off all the things
From the table right down on the floor.

Then down he lies flat,
On the dirty door mat,
And shockingly soils his new frock;
Then, before you're aware
Scampers out here and there,
And gives his head many a knock.

Though not very much hurt, he
Has made himself dirty,
And sadly he draggled his tail;
Broke a pane, smashed a plate;
Burn'd his hand at the grate,
And swallow'd a pin, or a nail.

Then his finger gets cut,
Or in some door shut,
And sometimes he tumbles downstairs;
Then he wants his own will,
And will never be still,
Not even while saying his prayers.



*At Roarers!
not by Guido.*

Then, like most other boys,
He makes so much noise,
You scarcely can hear yourself speak;
Then he gets up a "battle,"
Gives his drum a loud rattle,
And his tin penny trumpet a squeak

"What a horrible clatter!
Oh! dear! what's the matter?
"There now, don't you hear the child cry?
"Something's fell on his toes,"
"Or he's broken his nose,
Or has just poked a stick in his eye!"

Such sad hubble-bubbles,
And family troubles,
Are rapidly driving me wild!
But, who is it so silly?
Why, that's my little Willie,
My eldest and favourite child!

Said a smile to a tear,—
"What are you doing here,
On this Paterfamilias's nose?"
Said the tear to the smile,—
"I am here only while
He bewails all his troubles and woes!"

May his son become wise
While increasing in size,
And add to the family happiness;
And may he inherit
His father's chief merit,
Of good-natured comical-chappiness!



Cornu Copiae. Plenty, but no peace.



*A case of Suspended Animation.
or
Parental Despair and Filial Innocence!!*

1 Mamma! Mamma! come out and see
What dear Papa has done;
He's kicking on the apple tree.
Oh! ain't it jolly fun?

2 He's throwing both his arms about,
And much the air embraces;
He's stretching both his legs wide out,
And makes such queer grimaces!

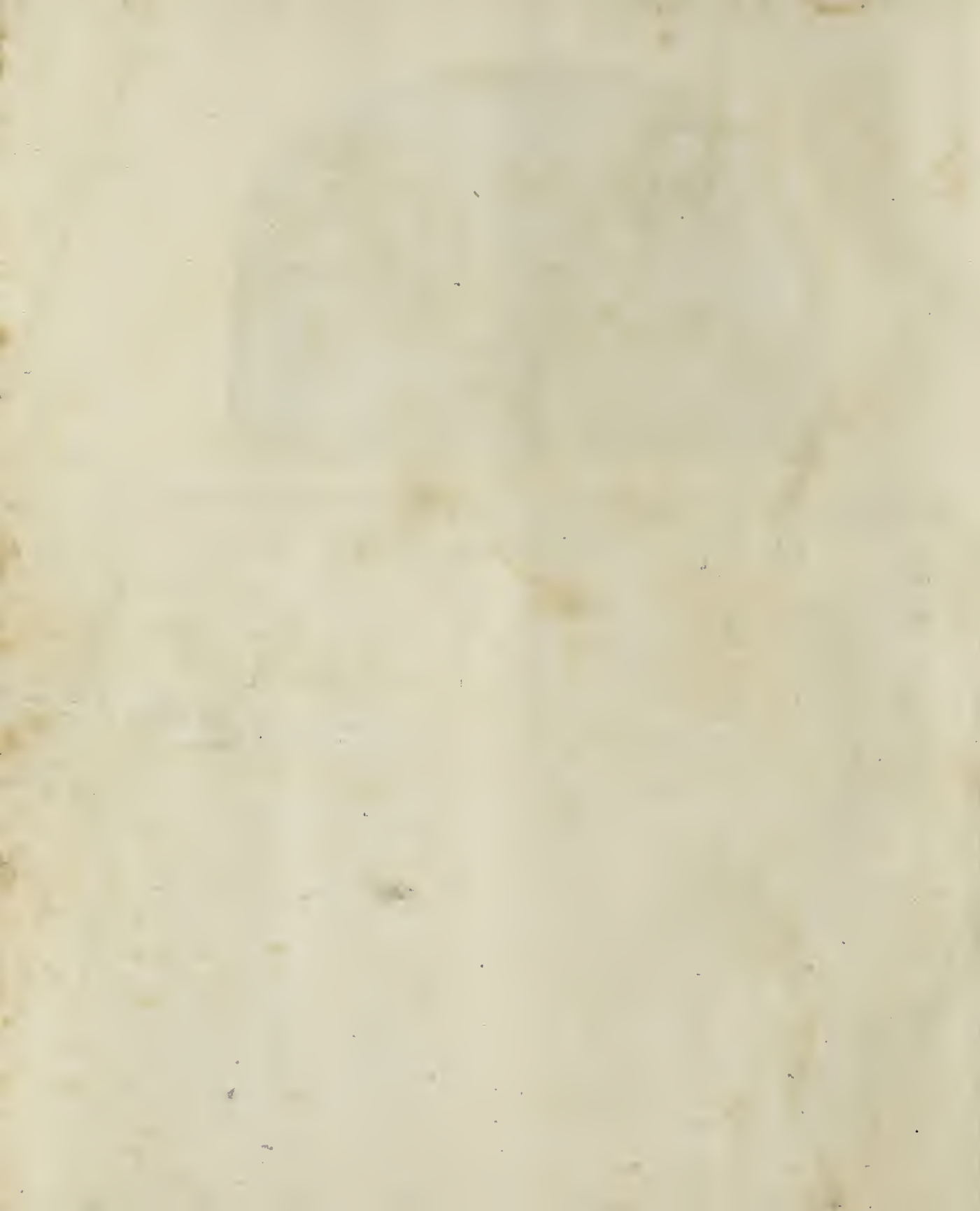
3 He's up there with a bit of rope;
Oh! how he rolls his eyes.
He'll stay till you come out, I hope:
Twill be a great surprise!



THE WATERLOO BRIDGE TRAGEDY. OR THE MYSTERIOUS CARPET BAG.

A TRAVELLER lone to LONDON came,
And a Carpet-Bag he had !
I know not his nation, his station, his name ;
But I know that his fate was sad !
His Carpet-Bag was of pattern gay,
With flowers of brilliant hues ;
And down the middle once had (some say,)
A division for boots and shoes .
Perhaps his heart, like his Bag, was gay,
His spirits with pleasure rife ;
He thought, as to London he wended his way,
Of the flowery paths of life .
In some vile thief's iniquitous den,
A prey to the knife he fell :
If murdered by women, or murdered by men,
Tis out of my power to tell .
Hear it not with smile, but gloomy frown,
They gave him the "hocus'd cup !"
In the prime of his life he was soon cut down,
And was afterwards soon cut up !
They stabb'd him left, and they stabb'd him right ;
Stifling his cries with a gag ;
And they carried him out in the dead of night,
Packed up in his Carpet-Bag !

Some woman or man, I do'nt know who,
This horrible deed to hide,
Put him over the Bridge of Waterloo,
To be swept away by the tide .
No bell for the poor departed soul
Toll'd forth from the steeple high ;
For the Toll-taker's toll was the only toll
Which told when the corpse went by !
But the Bridge refused to hide the guilt,
The river withheld its flood,
And reveal'd the fact, that ruffians had spilt
An innocent Traveller's blood !
The Bag, with flowers displayed outside,
Stood lodged on the Bridge's stones ;
And it soon became known both far and wide,
It was filled with a dead man's bones !
Emblem of Pleasure's delusive snare ;
Where often lies hid great sin ?
Outside are all flowers, so bright — so fair,
While — Death is concealed within !
This Warning take, and be sure to see,
That your Bag be made so small .
That, when murder'd, no robber shall able be
To pack you up in it at all !





The Window above, and the Window below!

At Judy's door-step I poured out my love,
While so sweetly she smiled from

The window above.

But her ill-tempered Dad gave my hopes a sad blow,
When he looked with a growl from

The window below.

Swearing,—into the river he quickly would shove
All who courted the lass at

The window above.

If I came there again, he would soon let me know,
That he kept a strict watch at

The window below.

But never mind, Judy, my chaste little dove,
I'll court you again at

The window above.

And your crabbed old Dad may to Jericho go,
Though he does look so fierce from

The window below,

With this pledge of affection, the worn-out old glove
That my Judy let fall from

The window above.

Which, when press'd to my heart with warm love makes
it glow,

I can turn with contempt from

The window below!

THE HOME

FOR

LOST AND STARVING DOGS!

LOWER WANDSWORTH ROAD,

BATTERSEA,

(Late at Holloway).

SPECIAL APPEAL.

The Committee embrace the present opportunity of bringing this Institution and its position before the notice of its friends, in the hope that, on the one hand, the steps which have recently been taken will meet with their approval, and that, on the other, an effort will be made to provide the funds, which at this special juncture are urgently needed.

It is probably known to the Subscribers to this Institution, but may be here mentioned with advantage, that its removal from its original situation at Holloway to its new locality as above is now complete. This removal had become a matter of necessity. The fear of constantly recurring interference, much of which was extremely unreasonable, on the part of the neighbouring inhabitants, compelled the Committee for some time past to seek another site for the Home.

In pursuing this object they required a spot which would combine these two qualifications, viz :— that it should be easily accessible to the greater part of London, and at the same time not immediately surrounded by human habitations. These qualifications were at length met with at the foot of the York Road Station on the Railway between Ludgate Hill and Victoria. The site there selected is peculiarly favourable, being bounded on every side but one by lines of Railway, while, the frontage to the Lower Wandsworth Road being in their own possession, they can prevent opposition in that quarter. The ground, which is freehold, was purchased for £1500, and is admitted on all hands to have been bought very cheap. The new buildings, which are very complete, and well worthy of inspection, have cost about £2500. This outlay has however been a severe tax on the resources of the Committee, who have been obliged to borrow a considerable portion of it; and now earnestly, but confidently, look to their friends and the public to ratify the wisdom of their proceedings by assisting them to an early discharge of their obligations. They may mention that their interest in the old site, which they are prepared to dispose of, is valued at about £1200, and the surplus portion of the ground newly acquired is probably worth about £1000 or £1100 more. A considerable amount, however, is requisite to free them from responsibility, and in the mean time to pay accruing interest of money.

Were the important object accomplished of setting the Institution free from debt, the Committee would feel much encouragement in looking forward to the future of the Home. So much more extensively is it now known than formerly—so much larger an amount is now realised by disposing of dogs to those who apply for them. It will gratify the friends of these poor creatures to know that, during the year 1871, no fewer than 665 were restored to their owners, and 658 provided with new homes. The number brought in by the Police during the year was 6,250, all rescued from probable ill-usage, and all of whom, under the older system, would have been pitilessly destroyed. All dogs, even of the smallest value, are now kept several days at the Home; and such as cannot be preserved, are at last disposed of by a merciful means of extinction only when it is necessary to make room for others. The number, however, usually retained at the Home is five times as many as formerly; the character of the new premises affording much greater accommodation.

The Committee, might, if it were necessary, enter at large on a description of the benefits conferred by the Home and its arrangements upon this important, but often much injured, race

of creatures, the bosom-friends of mankind, but often treated undeservedly as worthless outcasts, and yet retaining, through all misfortune and ill-usage, the same affectionate and dependent spirit. They would leave all such details, however, to suggest themselves to the minds of those who have studied the subject. It is to such they principally look in the hope that their present appeal may be successful. It would be indeed an unfeigned source of gratification, if all liabilities could be removed during the present year; and, sincerely trusting that they may not ask in vain, they would earnestly entreat all into whose hands this appeal may come, either from their own resources, or by the exertion of their influence with others, to take whatever means may be in their power to render this Institution what it bids fair to be—an honour to the Metropolis at large.

February, 1872.



Contributions will be gratefully received by JOHN COLAM, Esq., Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105, Jermyn Street, S.W.; ~~HENRY WARRINER, Esq., 14, The Grove, Clapham Road, S.W.; Mrs. JESSE, Jesse Lodge, Sutton, Surrey, Mrs. MAJOR, 96, Canonbury Road, N. Miss MORGAN, Acacia Cottage, Streatham Place, Brixton Hill, S.W.; Mrs. ROBERTS, 1, Hyde Park Terrace, Kensington Gore, W.; or Mr. JAMES JOHNSON, Manager, 2, Paulton Square, Chelsea, S.W.~~

TEMPORARY HOME FOR LOST AND STARVING DOGS,

LOWER WANDSWORTH ROAD, BATTERSEA, LONDON,

*Adjoining the York Road Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, on the Branch-line between
Ludgate Hill and Victoria Stations.*

REMOVED FROM HOLLOWAY.

THE purposes for which the above-named "HOME" has been established are:—the rescue from starvation and misery of lost and homeless dogs found wandering in the streets; the restoring them, when possible, to their owners; and the providing unclaimed ones with new homes, or in case of necessity otherwise disposing of them.

The Committee are anxious to impress upon the public the fact that this Institution is not intended to be a PERMANENT home for old and worn out favourites, nor a hospital for the cure of sick dogs, but simply a place to which humane persons may send homeless and famishing dogs found in the streets, with a view to their being suitably taken care of.

The Committee entreat all readers of this paper never to suffer any dog obviously lost or starving to remain in the street without an effort to have it conveyed to the "Home," or at least to procure the proper attention of the police to the fact of its being in such a condition.

It should here be mentioned that all dogs taken charge of by the Police are, under their regulations, brought to the "Home," where they are kept THREE CLEAR DAYS, to allow of their being claimed by their owners, before disposing of them in any other way. Persons who have lost dogs should therefore lose no time in making application accordingly, when every facility will be given for the recovery of their favourites. It is felt to be a special source of gratification if dogs can be thus restored. The Committee also invite those who may require to be supplied with dogs, to visit the "Home," as a large number of handsome or useful ones of various kinds are always to be found there, and may be purchased at a moderate price. This is now made legal by Act of Parliament, and the new premises affording much greater accommodation than those at Holloway, all dogs except the very weak and sickly are preserved for the longest possible time.

The hours during which the establishment is daily open to inspection (exclusive of Sundays) are:—from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m. from October to March, and till 6 p.m. from April to September. All enquiries made by letter should be accompanied with a stamped envelope for reply, having the enquirer's full address upon it.

Subscriptions and Donations are earnestly solicited to enable the Committee to pay off a mortgage upon the premises, to extend the benefits of the Institution, and to increase the accommodation of the "Home." They may be paid by Cheque or by Order on the Post Office, St. James' Street, London, s.w., to Mr. ~~James Gibson~~, Manager and Secretary, Home for Lost Dogs, South Lambeth, s.w., or to Mr. John Colam, Royal Society for prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105, Jermyn Street, s.w., who has kindly consented to receive Contributions.

[Copies of this paper may be obtained on application at the "Home."]

